

# Admiral B—G in HORRORS

At the Appearance of the Unhappy SOULS, who was Kill'd in the Engagement crying for Revenge

Britons, what unat-  
ton'd Offence  
haunts your unpro-  
prous Race?  
See him you sent  
with Honours hence  
returning with dis-  
grace.

Methinks upon the  
Vessels side  
I see your Pris'ner  
stand,  
Cursing both wind  
and bark, and tide  
That bear him to  
the Land  
This heart (he cries)  
these horrors shew  
the weakness of my  
cause,  
Who fears to meet  
his Country's Foe.  
must tremble at her  
Laws

Then with what face  
shall I appear,  
before her Judg-  
ment seat,  
Ev'n now they shout  
around my Bier,  
that flames in ev'ry  
street.

Like *Abdiel*, 'midst  
corruption sound  
See mangled *Novel*  
stands;

Look! *Andrew's*  
shews his deadly  
Wound,  
And Blood for  
Blood demands.  
Bl---y with a



scornful Frown,  
Points to the secret  
Port,  
There bids me set  
my Succours down,  
And save the wa-  
ting Fort.  
Bl---y, to that im-  
portant Pass  
To well I know  
to steer,  
But neither I nor  
they, alas?  
Had Hearts to ven-  
ture near.  
Hah? do I wake?  
or are my Eyes  
By their own Fears  
betray'd?  
See you pale angry  
Spectre rise,  
My Father's awful  
Shade.  
Shame to my blood  
I shake, I swoon,  
I die upon the  
Sight,  
Oh sink, my bark:  
sink instant down,  
And bury me in  
Night.  
This, the sad fat of  
B---g's late Brother  
prov'd.  
Who died with  
grief for him, he  
could not love  
And with a brother's  
Eye behold the scorn  
Of crowds insulting  
as to th' Dungeorn  
town.

**A**S late one Night our worthless A---l sat,  
Full of Reflections, on his impending fate,  
A dismal Group of Figures met his Eyes,  
Which fill'd His Guilty Soul with strange surprize,  
With Horror in his Look, to them He spoke,—  
What means your Haunting me, with Threat'ning looks  
Since I have but Obey'd the firm dictate,  
Of such who—— the State.

An angry Spectre, cover'd with blood, then said,  
At our Apperance, you well may be dismay'd,  
Since by your Treachery and Cowardice,  
We lost our Lives, and they, by whose advice  
We were abandon'd to the Foe, shall bleed.  
As well as you, who dar'd to do the Dred,  
That they had Order'd, they with you shall die,  
As Traitors to your injur'd Country.

Your Cowardly C---s, who in Council sat,  
Agreed to leave Old BLAKENEY to His Fate,  
Shall meet their deserved Fortune in a Ring,  
And Curse the Hour they e'er knew Cowardly B---g  
BRITANIA calls for Vengeance on thy Head,  
Nor shall thou find Justice this Land has fled,  
Her Sword is sharp, Thos surely shall it feel  
To satisfy our KING, and common Weal,  
When lo! another Spectre then appear'd  
Whose grimly, bloody looks, made Him afraid,  
SEE There! the FRENCH in Fort St. Phillips are,  
Possit of That, --To all True BRITONS dear,  
Thy Villany hath dishonour'd the British Nation,  
Since Thou hast Acted false, in Thy High station,  
Thy blood must make Atonement for thy Crime,  
Thy Name shall always stink in AFTER TIME.